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The Winged Boy



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Chapter 1 by Legomanzak

I hate this. I can't rest for one tiny second without worry. I'm always on the run. I'm always being found. I have no family. My only friend is myself.

Why do all these things happen? One word. Wings. What do I mean? I have them. Yes. It's hard to believe, but it's true.

Why can't I just live like a normal person?

People always say, "Be careful what you wish for."

I regret not doing so...

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

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